

The Dream

There is a brown familiar bird
That walks the seasons of my dreams.
Drab as a soldier, it turns around
And turns around, dancing a secret dance.

A bird behind a horny beak,
A long and wicked beak, like cranes' or storks',
A fisher's beak, cast in my sealess dreams --
Drab as a soldier, it turns around.

And then my pretty bird begins to stare.
Its eye becomes a shrinking moon,
And turning on its pretty feet,
It starts to cry and then to shriek,

Splintering the leaves from trees.
The heavens shake before its questioning,
And still it turns and turns around,
Pondering the awful, disembodied sound.

-- Charles Wyatt

Arlington, Virginia

The Rockingchair Brigade

"Any excess of emotions gives me the hives,"
says John

an old boy
pretty far gone
parenthetically, less alive

than

"Look sharp, eat good, and make love,"
that's Mary, who's

an old girl who
stews a hen in gin
instead of sherry

and

"What would be perfect would be if
John would marry Mary," says Jack
a troublemaker from way back.